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The SOUTHERNERS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady
Author of "Waves With the Ship," "Hohenhausen,"
"The Quiberon Touch," Etc.
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"Peyton, sir—Willis Peyton, Lieuten-
ant on the Tennessee, sir. My brother—
he is on the Hartford, sir. Is he—
well?"
"My poor boy," said the admiral
kindly, taking him by the hand, "I am
sorry to say—"
"Sir—sir, is he killed?"
"Grievously wounded," Mr. Peyton;
struck by a splinter from the last shot
fired by your ship."
"My God!" cried Willis, staggering
back. "And I fired that gun myself!"
A look of painful commiseration
spread over the admiral's rugged fea-
tures. As Willis reeled back, throw-
ing his hands up to his head as he re-
alized his part in the awful tragedy,
the old man put out his hand quickly
and caught him.

"Brace up, my lad," he said. "You
are not responsible. 'Tis only the for-
tune of war."
"May I—we are your prisoners, sir,
but—"
"Go to him at once, sir. Mr. Whiting,
take Mr. Peyton down below to see his
brother."

On a cot in the cockpit, in the dim
recesses of the ship, his own state-
room having been crushed in and de-
molished by the collision between the
Hartford and the Lackawanna, lay
Boyd Peyton. He had been struck
over the head by a heavy timber ripped
from his fastenings by the explosion
of the shell and had sustained a
fracture of the skull and a severe con-
cussion of the brain. He lay perfectly
still and motionless and as white as
death save for the bloody bandages
across his forehead. His faint breath-
ing alone told the watchers that he was
alive. Except for that slow, feeble
rise and fall of his bare breast he
looked as one already dead.

Willis was a soldier. He had been
trained to conceal his emotions in the
rough school of war. He had a man's
pride in such concealment; yet, as he
stood there, a grimy, sootied, smoke
stained figure, with the soil of the bat-
tle clinging to him, staring down at the
white face of his brother, red crowned
in his own blood, a deep groan broke
from his lips. It had never been his
brother before, but somebody else's—
there was a difference. The attend-
ants, the surgeon's mates, drew back
respectfully; the doctor from where he
knelt by the cot looked up at him.

"It's Peyton's brother," said Whiting
briefly; "from the Tennessee, you
know."

"Will he live? Is there any chance?"
asked Willis hoarsely.

The doctor stared up at him pitying-
ly. An evasion trembled on his lips.
He checked it.
"You are a man, sir," he replied, shak-
ing his head. "I'll be honest with you.
There is only one chance in a thou-
sand, a million. That last shell did the
business. Strange! For he actually
passed the fort three times in a hell of
fire; once and back again in the Meta-
cromet's boat, and then up in the Onel-
da, and never got a scratch until that
last shot."

"I fired that shot!" burst from the
lips of the man kneeling over his brother.
"I was in command of the forward
division of the Tennessee. Oh, doctor,
for God's sake give me some hope! Don't
let me feel that I have killed my
own brother! Why, doctor," he went
on incoherently, forgetting that none
knew of the circumstance to which he
referred in his agitation, "when they
all turned against him on the porch be-
cause he would go north, I alone had
a good word for him. I was only a
boy, father forbade it, but I—I kissed
him good-by—kissed him, and now I
have killed him!"

"The fortune of war, my lad," said
Dr. Palmer, laying his hand on the
young man's shoulder as the admiral
had done.

"D—n the fortune of war!" cried
Willis hotly, scarcely knowing what he
said. "I am sick of hearing it. It has
been flung into the ears of people be-
reft until it has become a ghastly
mockery. I want my brother!"

"My lad," said a quiet voice behind
him.
Willis turned to face the old admiral,
standing hat in hand by the bedside
of his dying officer.
"Do you realize," continued Farragut,
"how many thousands of people
have stood beside one stricken, as we
are standing, and have cried for a
brother, a husband, a son, a father,
as you are doing?"

"Yes, yes; they were not my
brother, though."
"But some one's brother," returned
the admiral gravely. "Oh, friends, the
misery this awful war has brought
upon this land!"

"Who is responsible for it?" cried
Willis fiercely.
"Nay, lad," said the old man calmly.
"That is a question into which I can-
not enter, not with you, at any rate.
I know my own duty, as you know
yours, and I try to do it as you do.
Pity 'tis that only war can teach us
that we are our brothers' keepers.
Poor boy," he added, looking down at
the unconscious Peyton, "is there no
hope for him, Dr. Palmer?"

"I see little—none, sir."
"Poor boy," repeated the old ad-
miral, tears welling to his eyes, "to
have given up everything and have

come to this! Greater love hath no
man than this," he quoted softly,
"that a man lay down his life!"
"Admiral Farragut, for God's sake,
sir," burst out Willis suddenly, "let
me take him home! I am a prisoner,
sir, but I will give you my word of
honor—you must know something of
the honor of the Peytons since you
knew my brother!"
"I know, and it will serve."
"I will do nothing, sir, bear no arms,
commit no overt act until I am ex-
changed, sir, if you will let me take
him home—home to Mobile, to my
mother, to my sister!"
"And to Mary Annan," interrupted
the old man softly.

"What you know her, sir?"
"Nay, he told me of her, poor girl!"
"She is not in Mobile."
"Where, then?"
"In Fort Morgan. She went down
there last night, sir."

"Great heavens, sir! For what?"
"I think to see her little brother, who
is badly wounded."

"Another!" said the admiral mourn-
fully. "Poor girl, I hope nothing has
happened to her."
"I pray not, sir; but who can tell?
Won't you let me go, sir?"

The admiral turned aside and walked
forward a few feet. He leaned against
the bulkhead and thought deeply for a
moment. Some might consider it a
stretch of authority. Well, he would
do it.

"You may have him," he said at last.
"Dr. Palmer consenting to the remov-
al."
"It matters little," said the doctor,
"whether he goes or stays."
"We can at least bury him on—in his
own land, sir—the land he loved though
he fought against it," urged Willis.

"Aye, lad; that is true. Last night in
my cabin we talked it over. He loved
the south as I—as we all do. Take him,
then, all that is left of him. Say to
your mother, with my deepest sym-
pathy, that I have known many officers
in my long life on the sea, none braver,
none better. Tell your father when
you meet him how worthily his son-
nary, let me say it for both of you—how
worthily both his sons upheld the an-
cient name and ancient honor of the
Peytons."

"Thank you, sir," said the young
man, deeply touched. "They will value
those words," he added spontaneously,
"from the greatest captain of the sea.
I will go over to the Tennessee, sir,
with your permission, and make ready."
"Do so. You shall have the Loyall,
my own steam barge, under a flag of
truce, to take you up to the city. Give
my compliments, nay, my affectionate
regard, to your own brave admiral. I am
sorry he is wounded, and tell him I am
sending my own fleet surgeon to look
at him. You'll go, Palmer? And, Mr.
Peyton, congratulate him for me for
his splendid fight, and ask him if there
is anything I can do for him or his
men now. After the battle, thank God,
we are no longer enemies, but brethren.
By Jove, 'twas like old Buck to
come single handed out against us all!
'Tis the old navy spirit, the old fighting
blood, that made us what we are, gen-
tlemen," he added, as he turned to the
ladder and followed Willis Peyton to
the deck.

In a few moments the young officer,
having hastily removed some of the
evidences of battle from his person
and changed his soiled uniform, came
on deck once more. The little Loyall
had swung alongside. Ready hands
had rigged a whip on the main yard-
arm of the Hartford, and the cot, with
its silent occupant, lay on the deck
ready to be swayed up and lowered in-
to the barge. One of the junior sur-
geons was to accompany them to see
the patient safely delivered on shore.
But that was not all.

The crew were lined up in the gang-
ways, the marines drawn up on the
quarter deck, the admiral and his staff
and other officers stood aft on the poop.
As Peyton was lowered into the Loyall
the marines presented arms, the sea-
men and their officers took off their
hats, there were flourishes of trumpets,
three rolls of the drums and the shrill-
ing of the boatswain and his mates pip-
ing the side with their whistles as if
it had been a flag officer departing. As
the barge moved away the admiral,
hat in hand, the wind blowing across
his bare head, stepped to the side,
looked down at the two brothers and
called out in a voice heard in the
stillness throughout the ship:
"Goodby, sir, and may God bless
you!"

And in a silence more eloquent than
if the love of his fellows had been
voiced in cheers Boyd Peyton left the
ship in which with his admiral he had
gained an immortal name.
Far down on Fort Morgan a woman
stood, with a little group of officers
around her—a woman filled with a
consuming present grief and with
dread forebodings of another. She
stood on the grassy rampart over the
ensnarement, where under a sheet lay
the stiff form of her little brother, watch-
ing the battle between the ships and
the Tennessee, standing like many an-
other woman—nay, like the south it-
self—over the grave of dead hopes,
lost illusions, vanished dreams, watch-
ing the battle going against them!



"Will he live? Is there any chance?"
asked Willis hoarsely.

"It's all up," said General Peyton at
last, dropping his glass. "The firing
is over. The ram has surrendered. Our
last hope is gone. Good God, to think
it has come to this! I wonder if any
hurt has come to Willis!" He hesi-
tated. No one had ever heard him
mention the name of his eldest son
since that day he drove him from the
porch. "Or to Boyd," he added at last.
"Good God! Both my boys, both my
boys!"

"He turned and walked slowly away."
"General Peyton," said Pleasant's,
venturing to break his reverie, "I sup-
pose you will want to send the news
of this morning's battle up to General
Maury, since the telegraph line has
been cut or broken?"

"Yes, sir," said the general. "The Mor-
gan yonder," pointing to the gunboat,
"is still serviceable. I shall endeavor
to get word to General Maury by her
tonight. Captain Harrison thinks he
can avoid the fleet and get past safely
by keeping close inshore. At any rate,
he will try."

"I shall of course wish to return to
my duty in his ship."
"By all means, colonel. Let Dr.
Bumpney go, too, and Mary Annan as
well. You may take her brother's body
with you also. They will want to bury
him beside his father, poor lad! You
may possibly be captured, but you cer-
tainly will be captured if you remain
here. If they land a force behind the
point and ring their ships around the
fort, nothing can prevent our being
battered to pieces."

"And if we are captured, general, we
will have one friend among the enemy
—your son," continued Pleasant's bold-
ly as he turned away.

"Have you no word, no message, for
him, sir?" asked Mary Annan, who
had listened listlessly to the conversa-
tion.

"What, Mary Annan?" cried the old
man. "Do you plead for him?"
They were alone together for the mo-
ment.

"I love him," she whispered. "Oh,
my God, I love him! Can't you send
him some word?"

The old general bit his lip.
"No," he said. "I cannot. I wish him
no ill. I pray to God that he may have
been spared in battle, but I cannot for-
get that it was he, and such as he, to
whom we owe our defeat. The south
has been beaten by her sons, ma'am."

"Some word, sir—some word. Think!"
pleaded the girl. "He is your own son!
He followed his idea of honor; he did
his duty. What is right or wrong each
man must judge. They told me that
you saw him in a little boat out yon-
der and that you did not fire upon him."

"'Twas because he was saving life,"
interrupted the old soldier sternly.
"Aren't you proud of his courage?"
"Yes, of course, but not of his prin-
ciples."
"Won't you send just one word?"
"Not one, except that I hope he has
not been hurt."

"Won't you ever forgive him?"
"Never!"
"Not when I—not if—if—I plead with
you as his?"
"Not if an angel in heaven pleads;
not yet. Forgive me, Mary Annan.
Say no more. It pains me to say 'No,'
yet I must."

CHAPTER XL
HOW BOYD PEYTON CAME HOME AGAIN.
WIFTLY up the bay sped the
little steamer, the white flag
at the fore, the stars and
stripes aft. Silently under
the awning sat two men by the
stretcher on which Boyd Peyton lay,
Willis and the assistant surgeon. Past
the guard boats, past the obstructions,
up to the wharf at the foot of Gov-
ernment street they came. Long since
the news had spread that a boat flying
the Union flag and under a flag of
truce was coming up the bay. By the
time the Loyall tied up at the wharf
a great crowd of people had assem-
bled, mostly women and children and
old men. At the wharf were several
officers from General Maury's staff.
Willis Peyton was the first man to
step ashore. His face was white and
haggard. He could hardly nerve him-
self for the ordeal through which he
was about to pass.

captured after being battered into a
helpless wreck."
"She surrendered, then?"
"Yes, sir."
"Why are you here, Mr. Peyton?"
"I am a prisoner of war on parole,
sir."
"And you came"—
"To bring the body of my brother
home!"
"You mean"—
"He was wounded on the Hartford."
"Is he dead?"
"No, sir, but soon will be. Admiral
Farragut gave me permission to bring
him home—to die."

While this colloquy had been carried
on the bluejackets on the launch, un-
der the direction of the surgeon and the
ensign who commanded her, had gently
lifted the stretcher bearing the wound-
ed man out on the wharf.

"Friends," said Willis Peyton, fac-
ing the crowd, "you hated my brother
because in accordance with what he
thought his duty he went north. He is
dying now. Will some one help to
carry him up the street to his home?"
"Let the traitor die where he lies!"
broke forth a rude voice charged by
some bitter heart.

"My men will carry him up under the
flag, Mr. Peyton," said the ensign in
command of the boat quickly.

"No, no!" burst from the crowd as
one man or another pushed forward.
"We will take him ourselves; southern
hands for a southern sailor!"

The mordant words of the first
speaker had awakened all that was
good in the multitude.

"We have no love to spare for him
or his cause," cried one, "but we have
no animosity for a dying man. He has
fallen in the line of his duty!"
"He's of our people, though he fought
against us!" exclaimed a third.

"Tight!" cried another old man. "I
knew him of old, and a braver, truer
man does not—did not—live. And, as
for you, sir," he added, turning to the
man who had cursed and sworn, "if
I hear any more remarks like that from
you, old as I am, I will slap your
mouth for you. I believe you are a
Yankee anyway. Come, we will take
him home."

"Tell me of the fort, sir," said Colo-
nel Craighead as Willis motioned to
the men who had volunteered to pick
up the stretcher.

"It still stands and seems to have
suffered but little from the bombard-
ment. But," he whispered to the offi-
cer, "its fall is only a question of
time."

Willis spoke a few words of thanks
and a farewell to the surgeon and the
ensign of the Loyall and watched them
for a moment as they turned the prow
of the boat to the southward and sped
away to the fleet; then he took his
place by the litter and directed the
bearers to go on. The crowd opened
before them as they carried it up the
street. Here was the body of their
enemy. More than one suspected that
he might have piloted the fleet upon
them, realizing his intimate knowledge
of the harbor. They knew the family
too well to doubt that he had fought
bravely and well. The fact that he
lay there apparently dying was evi-
dence that he had been in the thick of
the battle. They had mocked and
scorned him and hated him when he
had chosen to leave them and remained
true to his flag. His father had cast
him off, the people had approved and
honored the old man for his action, but
the animosity was gone from their
hearts now. Antipathies vanished be-
fore that stretched out figure. Rest-
less movements subsided. The sullen
murmurs and mutterings died away,
and a deep silence supervened. Hats
were pulled from heads; awe fell over
the multitude; women put their hands
over their eyes.

A little company of home guards, or-
dered there to control any possible dis-
turbance, was standing at the curb.
The officer in command hesitated a
moment.

"By God," he said, "I'll do it!"
He faced about, uttered a command,
and the company presented arms. The
colors were dipped too. The stars and
bars were lowered to valor, to man-
hood, to honor, to death, even though
they had been exhibited upon the other
side.

In silence and sorrow, with every
military honor, Boyd Peyton had left
his ship; in silence and in sorrow, with
every military honor also, he came
back to his home, the home of his
childhood, the home of his enemies,
the home of his mother.

CHAPTER XLII
SAD HOURS AT ANNANDALE.
T was early in the morning of
the day after the battle. The
Morgan had successfully
slipped past Farragut's fleet
in the night and while it was yet dark
had run alongside the St. Francis
street wharf at Mobile. Her arrival
had not been reported and no one but
the sentry on guard was there to wel-
come the vessel. Mary Annan had
stayed in the gunboat until daybreak
at Colonel Pleasant's earnest request.
The captain had given her his cabin
and she had lain down during the pas-
sage, or at least after they had passed
the Federal fleet, but she had been
unable to sleep or take any rest.

Pleasant, who had gone on shore
immediately, came back to the boat
at sunrise with a conveyance for her
and Dr. Bumpney and another one for
the body of her brother. It was broad
daylight when they drove up to the
doorway at Annandale. Where before
there had been troops of servants to
welcome her or her guests, now she
had to wait and ring the bell of her
own home before the one or two faith-
ful retainers remaining to her pre-
sented themselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Corrected to Jan. 7, 1902.

South Bound	121	103	101
Lv. Cincinnati	6:00pm	8:40pm	8:40pm
Lv. Louisville	7:30am	9:40pm	12:50pm
Lv. Owensboro	8:00am	10:10pm	1:20pm
Lv. H. Branch	10:30am	11:00pm	3:20pm
Lv. Central City	12:30am	1:00am	4:20pm
Lv. Nortonville	1:30pm	1:40am	5:00pm
Lv. Evansville	2:30am	4:00pm	6:30pm
Lv. Hopkinsville	11:20am	4:30pm	8:30pm
Lv. Princeton	2:24pm	2:28am	5:40pm
Ar. Paducah	8:45pm	3:27am	7:05pm
Lv. Paducah	8:50pm	3:42am	7:10pm
Ar. Fulton	8:30pm	4:50am	8:30pm
Ar. Cairo	10:15pm	12:15pm	10:10pm
Ar. Paducah Jet.	8:45am	8:45pm	8:45pm
Ar. Rivers	5:55am	5:55pm	8:57pm
Ar. Jackson	5:30am	5:30pm	8:30pm
Ar. Memphis	5:35am	5:35pm	11:50pm
Ar. N. Orleans	7:40pm	10:55am	

Lv. Hopkinsville	5:00am
Lv. Princeton	6:10am
Ar. Paducah	7:50am

North Bound	123	105	104
Lv. N. Orleans	7:30pm	9:00am	9:00am
Lv. Memphis	7:00am	8:40pm	
Lv. Jackson	8:11am	8:57pm	
Lv. Rivers	9:51am	11:49pm	
Lv. Paducah Jet.	2:10pm	2:10pm	
Lv. Cairo	8:35am	8:40pm	
Lv. Fulton	6:00am	10:37am	12:00am
Ar. Paducah	7:40am	11:30am	1:30am
Lv. Paducah	7:50am	11:35am	1:35am
Ar. Princeton	9:25am	12:45pm	2:40am
Ar. Hopkinsville	3:40pm	10:35am	
Ar. Evansville	6:30pm	10:10am	
Ar. Nortonville	10:34am	1:30pm	3:30am
Ar. Central City	11:30am	2:10pm	4:20am
Ar. H. Branch	1:00pm	3:00pm	5:10am
Ar. Owensboro	6:20pm	5:30pm	8:10am
Ar. Louisville	4:50pm	5:30pm	7:40am
Ar. Cincinnati	9:12pm	11:55am	

Lv. Paducah	8:00pm
Ar. Princeton	8:50pm
Ar. Hopkinsville	9:30pm

ST. LOUIS DIVISION.	205	275
South Bound		
Lv. St. Louis	7:30am	10:50pm
Ar. E. St. Louis	7:30am	10:50pm
Ar. Chicago	8:50am	8:50pm
Ar. Carbondale	11:00am	2:30pm
Ar. Parker	12:30pm	4:30pm
Ar. Paducah	8:00pm	7:40am
North Bound		
Lv. Paducah	12:15pm	6:10pm
Ar. Parker	2:40pm	10:30pm
Ar. Carbondale	4:10pm	12:30pm
Ar. Chicago	7:00am	10:35am
Ar. E. St. Louis	7:00am	6:32am
Ar. St. Louis	7:30pm	7:30pm

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ets, etc., call on or write to J. C. McCarty,
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NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS R.V.

In effect April 13, 1902.
SOUTH BOUND.
In effect April 13, 1902.

Lv. Paducah	7:25am	2:15pm
Union Depot	7:30am	2:20pm
Paris	9:28am	4:30pm
Hollow Rock Junc.	10:20am	5:27pm
Jackson	12:25pm	7:35pm
Ar. Memphis	8:45pm	
Nashville	1:25pm	9:30pm
Chattanooga	9:30pm	3:05am
Atlanta		7:30am

NORTH BOUND.

Lv. Atlanta		8:30pm
Chattanooga	5:00am	1:15am
Nashville	2:15pm	7:00am
Memphis	12:30am	
Jackson	8:12pm	7:45am
Hollow Rock Junc.	5:30pm	10:20am
Paris	6:15pm	11:05am
Union Depot	8:25pm	1:15pm
Ar. Paducah	8:30pm	1:30pm

All trains run daily. Through train and cat
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phis, Nashville and Chattanooga. Close
connections for Atlanta, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla.,